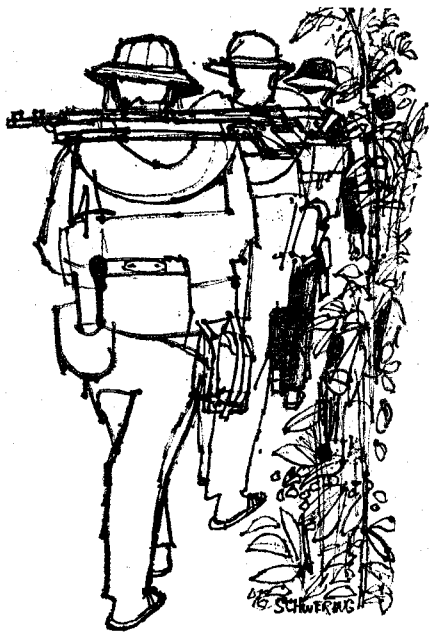
THE NATION
1865 Centennial Year 1965
JULY 19, 1965 . . 35c

Library

THE PENTAGON'S DILEMMA

GOLIATH and the GUERRILLA

Eric Hobsbawm



Global Tremors from Algeria — Alexander Werth

The Question of SNCC — Jack Newfield

STRATFORD ACCEPTS SHAKESPEARE

Julius Novick

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LETTERS

Birthday

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: The Nation's 100th birthday is an event of national and even international importance and properly an occasion for rejoicing. . . . That a publication militantly independent, courageous and free can endure through the critical eras of world wars and economic disaster and maintain its fearless role of dissent and high quality of expression is a triumph of hopefulness for attainment of the goals to which mankind must continually aspire. . . . I consider myself fortunate indeed to have been one of its editors on two occasions. . . . May *The Nation's* spirit and high purpose continue unflagging for the next century. *Sen. Ernest Gruening*

Two Rivers, Wis.

Dear Sirs: The birthday greetings you printed in your July 5 number remind me of a statement most appropriate, made by Edmund Burke:

All that is necessary for the forces of evil to win the world is for enough good men to do nothing.

The good men and women who expose the forces of evil in your admirable magazine are one of the safeguards of our liberties and decency. May you prosper and grow even more effective in the next 100 years!

Lee H. Gregory
Joseph Mann Library

World bore

Palo Alto, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Some will thank you for dedicating your June 28 issue to the UN on its 20th Anniversary. Yet this issue was a bore because the UN is a bore, a fact I first realized when I dropped in on the funereal proceedings at the Opera House. (The counter-commemoration on the sidewalks across the street by those opposing the Vietnam war was much more lively and better attended.)

Here we heard President Johnson call upon the UN diplomats to "use their influence . . . to bring to the tables those who seem determined to make war" (as though he himself were not the most determined of all!). . . . Yet this fantastically cynical and hypocritical speech was applauded! On the other hand, the Russian delegate Federenko was booed when he made a quietly reasonable reply, and Adlai Stevenson's flippant dismissal of Federenko was applauded. Apparently the jackals know who butters their bread. Why would anyone advocate the strengthening of such a group? . . .

I would hate to be such a pessimist as to think this organization as it exists today is our only hope for peace. Indeed, those of us who want peace with justice must cease hovering over this defunct dream, waiting for it to play Lazarus, and should seek some more hopeful solution to the world's problems. At the very least, we must call for the relocation of the UN headquarters to remove the intimidating influence of a partisan U.S. audience.

V. Hanly

Private test

New York City

Dear Sirs: Robert Hatch writes [*The Nation*, June 21] that his "private test for the validity of the Lincoln Center Repertory under its new management is how soon it schedules *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance*." It would be a boon if all standards prove so congenial.

Actually *Sergeant Musgrave* needs neither a Broadway stage nor, as Mr. Hatch suggests, the resources of Lincoln Center, but merely the right will at the right time. We would like another crack at the play on our new stage but we passed Mr. Hatch's test several years ago in San Francisco —when we introduced John Arden to America.

As soon as we came to New York we tried to secure the rights again, but no sooner did we show interest than a dormant production announced itself in the press. On the off-chance that the producer changes his mind, let it be known we are ready and available.

Herbert Blau
Jules Irving
The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center

Origin of violence

Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs: What a pertinent coincidence! John Paul Scott writes in "The Anatomy of Violence" [*The Nation*, June 21]: "In short, the major cause of outbreaks of destructive violence in animals is acute social disorganization." In the very next article, "Teach-Ins: New Force for the Times," Arnold S. Kaufman quotes Walter Lippmann as follows: "The essential fact about these disorders is that they are at bottom indigenous to the countries where the social order is broken down, not originally, not essentially, conspiracies engineered from the centers of Communist power." *Samuel Whitman*

Catching up

Godfrey, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Please, another correction concerning *The Young Guard*. It is *not*, as you erroneously reported in your editorial, "The Smell of Bond" (April 12), an organ of Young Americans for Freedom. It is *also not*, as you were corrected by Hashomer Hatzair, a publication issued by YAF with the same name as one published by the Zionist-Socialist group. For fact, Young Americans for Freedom's magazine is called *The New Guard*.

I swear it! I read *The New Guard* because I believe its political philosophy. I also read *The Nation* because I believe it is one of the best written publications on the market. Thanks to American freedom we are allowed to read either or both sides of any issue. *John Boland*

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Goliath's Peril

Eric Hobsbawm's article on guerrilla warfare (p. 33) should be required reading in the White House and in the Pentagon. In the Pentagon population especially there are a certain number of military men and civilian advisers who are not hidebound by profession. At some juncture, as the Vietnamese horror drags on, and American casualties mount with no end in sight, misgivings might be reinforced by something Hobsbawn said.

What is to be noted is that all the belligerents in Southeast Asia, and their supporters near and far, are endangered, and the United States not least. At the end of his article Hobsbawm warns that the United States will either come to terms with reality in that corner of the world (and if it can do it there it can do it elsewhere) or "sooner or later it will blast off those missiles." The missiles are not nuclear now, nor need they be for some time, but the nuclear denouement is in plain sight. The Strategic Air Command is already bombing in South Vietnam, partly because it wanted to get into the act, but also as a matter of military policy consonant with Lyndon B. Johnson's character and mode of operation. At first it seemed absurd to send B-52s to bomb jungle areas in which the population density of Vietcong could only be small, and in which there were no targets that could be detected visually or by radar. But this was to mistake the purpose of SAC's participation. Any damage to the Vietcong that resulted would be incidental—the real target was and is Red China. The Chinese probably were not under the impression that the B-52s could carry only nuclear bombs, as Joseph Alsop has suggested; aircraft of this load capacity can be adapted for any type of explosive, or drop rocks if desired. But Alsop is right when he argues that in assigning priority to nuclear development, the Chinese have given hostages to fortune, hostages, moreover, which must be well-nigh irresistible to the American military elite and their political colleagues. The precise coordinates of the Chinese nuclear installations are known, and the chances are that the plants are not sufficiently hardened to survive conventional bombing, which can be applied on a scale much larger than in World War II. In this respect the Chinese have more to lose than in the Korean War, and that danger probably accounts, at least in part, for their failure to suit the action to the word. For its part, the Pentagon strategists would like nothing better than for the Chinese to give them grounds for a series of strikes against the nuclear plants.

That would not be the end, but the beginning. The Chinese would have lost their gamble in going nuclear, but they would still have enough military strength to threaten all of Southeast Asia, India, Hong Kong, etc. Millions of American ground troops would be required to contain these hordes (the favorite Pentagon term), and nuclear weapons would be the only way of doing the job cheaply. And that would be the slide into nuclear war, for the Soviet Union and the United States, and for those allies who were not quick enough and fortunate enough to extricate themselves.

Ring Loud the Tocsin!

A substantial section of the journalistic trade continues to improvise on the theme that the United States stands in mortal danger of being subverted by domestic Communists. Apparently there is no protection, however diligently the writers seek out the hidden foe and rally alarmed citizens to the country's defense. The greatest present peril, it seems, comes from an unexpected quarter. The Old Bolsheviks are passing from the scene, but their offspring carry on with redoubled virulence. Read all about it in a series of articles by Vera Glaser, syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance and inserted in the *Congressional Record — Senate*, June 14, by the Hon. Roman L. Hruska (Goldwater R., Neb.).

Mrs. Glaser describes how "Moscow-inspired agitators have fastened like evil parasites on the civil rights and Vietnam controversies." These young demons carry the torch but no party cards, and usually call themselves progressives, Socialists or Marxists. Under such labels they dupe their contemporaries, largely at the colleges, and at the same time avoid prosecution under the Smith and McCarran Acts. Mrs. Glaser names names, and it seems evident that the parents have been more successful with their children than with the American working class.

So the virus spreads. It is enough to sicken one with higher education. Indeed, if Louis Harris' recent poll on the motivation behind the campus teach-ins is an indication, a split is opening up between the college-bred and the less schooled. Asked, "Do you think the disagreement of college professors and students with U.S. policies in Vietnam is mainly the result of honest disagreement, or do you think it is mainly the result of organized radical activity in colleges today?" 81 per cent of college students thought honest differences were involved, and only 19 per cent blamed radicals. (There were no "not-sures," which is unusual in public-opinion polls.) Among college

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated Aug. 2, Aug. 16 and Aug. 30.

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graduates the split was 58/30, with 12 per cent uncertain. But those with only a high school education voted almost exactly the opposite (27/57/16), along with grade school graduates and dropouts (29/54/17). Non-collegians tended to be sure the radicals were at the bottom of it all. There was also a sharp split between age groups: citizens younger than 34 responded 56/31/13 in favor of honest disagreement, while those over 50 perceived the cloven hoof of radicalism in the ratio of 25/64/11.

Mr. Harris concludes that "chasms and splits are beginning to take place along political and intellectual lines," triggering "a profoundly new division in American society whose final consequences are yet to emerge." If the spawn of the Old Bolsheviks have so shaken American society, one might suspect that it was shaky to begin with, but the oracles of doom may decide that all is not yet lost. They can pin their hopes on those other young people, largely college students, who rioted over the Fourth of July weekend. These exuberant if destructive youngsters have resisted the virus and just want to fight the cops, which Mrs. Glaser and Senator Hruska can welcome as good preparation for the holocaust in Asia that the teenage leftists, and some of their professors, are so traitorously resisting.

Relevancies and Irrelevancies

The real or rumored vices and virtues of every American President are a favorite topic of conversation in latrines, living rooms and board rooms—and in editorial offices. The topic is one naturally favored by political writers, since it will always find readers, but the result usually has no more significance than fan-magazine psychologizing about the latest adulteries among movie stars. One of the President's roles is, in fact, to be the country's leading entertainer. A certain percentage of voters view him from no other standpoint. Another, probably smaller, segment doesn't care much one way or the other about the Presidential personality, but judges him by his policies and actions. There is, nevertheless, some interplay between the personal and political images; applied to the current tenant of the White House, this means that how he looks to a particular viewer on television may depend on how that viewer feels about U.S. policy in Vietnam. Any other hot topic will have the same effect.

After the death of President Kennedy, Mr. Johnson rode a wave of popularity compounded of sympathy for a human being catapulted without warning into an office which calls rather for divine attributes, and a feeling of relief that government proceeded as before. A subsequent wave of relief followed the defeat of Senator Goldwater. But, as Tom Wicker points out in *The New York Times*, no political honeymoon can last. Disillusionment is setting in, and since politics is not only the art of the possible but also the art of the extravagant, Mr. Johnson's faults will no doubt be overemphasized, as they were underemphasized earlier. His sensitivity to criticism, the public sweetness which conceals a private rudeness verging on brutality, the evangelism which alternates with total reliance on force, are now being played up by some of the commentators. But these qualities were well known long before John F. Kennedy chose Mr. Johnson as his running mate in 1960. It is only that a fiercer light beats upon the man in the Presidency than the man in the Senate, and of course the man himself is enlarged, for better or worse, by the office.

What harms Mr. Johnson's image most, in the eyes of the intellectual community, or that part of it which inclines toward social criticism and dissent, is simply the war in Vietnam. Mr. Johnson's overreaction in the Dominican Republic tends to the same effect, but not to the same degree. The bombings in North and South Vietnam, against only token opposition so far, the spectacle of the greatest military power in the world self-righteously destroying a small country, belie the traditional picture of a benevolent Uncle Sam—and Mr. Johnson is Uncle Sam personified. This is not the age of chivalry, but one does not need to be a pacifist or a bleeding heart to find our role in Vietnam utterly revolting. No one really cares how Mr. Johnson behaves toward the White House staff, except the members of the staff, and if Mr. Johnson can devise a way to end the slaughter in Vietnam he will find that the problem of his public image will solve itself—and without recourse to flattering endorsements by friendly journalists.

A Kind of Charity

Ed Ball, the roly-poly dictator of the du Pont's billion-dollar empire in Florida [see "Florida's Railroad War: A Few Sticks of Dynamite" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation*, March 9, 1964], has finally been pinned down on one of the tax maneuvers for which he is famous. His St. Joe Paper Co., hub of a million acres of du Pont timberland, has admitted undervaluing its stocks and bonds for tax purposes by $90 million from 1962 through 1964.

The testimony given before Rep. Wright Patman's banking committee last year to this effect was correct and should have been pursued more enthusiastically by Congress. Miami Mayor Robert King High testified that the paper company was welching on its taxes. Ball denied it. Florida Comptroller Ray Green sided with Ball. Now, after a lapse of a year and after continued prodding by a couple of Florida newspapers, Green (who, by the way, is in partnership with Ball in an insurance company) admits that further study of the du Pont books shows that, sure enough, they *were* shortchanging the tax collector. This, by Green's admission, was the first time in thirty years that the state has looked into the du Pont books. The shortage was termed "an honest mistake." Thus, the first lesson to be learned from this turn of events is that if Ball is to be held in check, it must be done at the federal level; Florida officials are either afraid of him or in league with him.

The second thing it teaches is that Representative

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Patman, whose committee is once again considering ways for bringing the du Pont estate under the Bank Holding Act, from which it was curiously excluded in 1956, cannot put full faith in anything Ball tells him until he has it checked. The du Pont estate claims to be a charitable venture; those thirty banks, those two railroads, that telephone company, that paper company — all operated fundamentally for charity? Last year Ball's sister, Mrs. Jessie du Pont, earned $9 million from the estate and only $1 million was marked for charity. This imbalance, this mere tithing, is alone enough to discredit all claims for special treatment. But considering what was disclosed when just a little investigation was made into the du Pont estate's handling of its taxes, there seems very good reason to study the details of its "charity."

An Old Myth Fades

The end of the Mexican *bracero* (imported farm labor) program last December triggered the usual spate of stories about how California's perishable produce crops would "rot in the fields" for lack of workers to harvest them. Sen. George Murphy — a one-time excellent soft-shoe dancer and now the state's junior Senator—estimated crop losses of perhaps $1 billion. The season is not over, but it now seems clear that the effect on the state's $3.6 billion farm economy has been slight. "The state's growers in general," reports Harry Bernstein in the *Los Angeles Times*, "have weathered the *bracero* program's end without the predicted disastrous results."

Financially they have fared very well indeed. Rumors of the threatened—and widely publicized—labor shortage had the effect of advancing prices for some crops. Farm wage rates have shown a substantial increase, but this increase, coupled with improvements in working conditions, brought some 20,000 more workers into the fields than had been expected. Lettuce prices have advanced, but the increase cannot be attributed to the shortage of farm labor; the higher wages represent no more than one-half of 1 per cent for each head of lettuce. Actually, the lettuce crop was up substantially over last year and the shipper-growers declared a "shipping holiday" to prevent a glut on the market. For a time they were harvesting only four days a week and the effect was to force prices up. Later in the season, there may be some labor shortages but thus far the transition has been effected with at the most mild inconvenience and minimum losses. Asparagus growers, who suffered some crop losses because of labor shortages, will actually gross about $2.5 million more this year than last and net about $1 million more. And the economy of the state, due to the increase in farm wage rates, should be stimulated. Social myths like old soldiers never die; but this year's experience in California indicates that one of the hoariest of myths—"the-crops-will-rot-in-the-fields-unless-we-get-cheap-imported-labor"—is fading away.

Global Tremors from Algeria . . . Alexander Werth

Paris

On July 3, exactly a fortnight after the sudden overthrow of Ben Bella, Mr. Rheda Malek, the new Algerian Ambassador to France, presented his credentials to General de Gaulle. Malek had been appointed while Ben Bella was still in power. The meeting was cold and very formal. There were many reasons, said de Gaulle, why France felt an interest in and sympathy for Algeria. It understood the various difficulties with which the newly independent Algeria was faced and, whatever the ups and downs, would continue to help. Malek said in reply that the last three years had shown that France and Algeria "needed each other," and that their cooperation was "possible, desirable and highly promising." Leaving the Elysée, he declared that the meeting with de Gaulle had been "most cordial." It was nothing of the sort.

Of course, France "needs" Algeria, insofar as it owns a large part of that country's oil; but Algeria "needs" France even more: French subsidies are what have kept Algeria going, and the "cooperation" (which is the Gaullist euphemism for this aid) has been very much a one-way affair.

De Gaulle, who had a soft spot for Ben Bella, expected the Afro-Asian conference to provide a sort of apotheosis for the Algerian President, displaying him as one of the most prominent figures, perhaps even *the* most prominent of the "Third World." It was known that Ben Bella had at one stage played with the idea of inviting as honorary guests to this Second Bandung only three non-Afro-Asian leaders: Castro, Tito — and de Gaulle. The Chinese apparently objected, and the idea was dropped. Nevertheless, de Gaulle continued to regard Ben Bella as his chief contact man with the underdeveloped countries, and his coming triumph well suited the General. But it did not suit Colonel Boumedienne and countless other Algerian politicians. After Ben Bella's domination of the Second Bandung, after the immense popularity he would have acquired from the international Youth Festival in Algiers planned for this month, after the prestige of his meeting with de Gaulle, scheduled for a little later in the year, it would have been extremely difficult to get rid of him. Ben Bella's overthrow, only a few days before the Second Bandung, was a now-or-never project.

Algeria is, as one French economist put it, an "increasingly underdeveloped country," with appalling unemployment and poverty. And yet, paradoxically, Ben Bella continued to be popular with the common people. To them he was a hero—one of the organizers of the revolt against the French in 1954, a man who had spent six years in French jails, and who had, since

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then, "imposed" himself on the outside world. Ben Bella had made an effective appearance before the UN, he enjoyed the friendship of the Russians and of Nasser, was a Hero of the Soviet Union, had won for Algeria a special place among the Third World countries and from Gaullist France the most friendly and generous "cooperation." At home, he behaved like a dictator, but not like a bloodthirsty one; many had been fired or arrested, but almost no one had been executed under the Ben Bella regime.

But he had failed to build up a coherent party; rather like de Gaulle, he thought he was deriving sufficient strength from his "communion" with the people. He had contempt for his fellow politicians, treating them as pawns in his political game. Although, two days before his fall, he still declared in a speech at Oran that "our Socialist regime is more united than ever," those in the know were aware that something was brewing below the surface. Boumedienne, head of the army, had helped to defeat Ben Khedda and to install Ben Bella in 1962; but for the last two years, the colonel had been building up his political strength, winning over more and more of those men who seemed to be Ben Bella's friends and supporters. In reality, as *Le Monde* put it, Ben Bella was, toward the end, surrounded by men who were "enemies and courtiers" — usually both — and his downfall was a kind of Shakespearean drama of treason and cowardice. Ben Bella suspected treachery; he intended to sack two of Boumedienne's stooges in his immediate entourage — Bouteflika, his foreign minister, and Cherif Belkacem, his minister of education—and, later, to get rid of Boumedienne himself. But he was not unduly worried about the army, for the people were anti-militarist, judging the army to be both reactionary and economically overprivileged, and he thought he had friends there, above all, the chief of staff, Tahar Zbiri. However, it was Zbiri who personally arrested Ben Bella in the night of June 18-19.

With the departure of Ben Bella, Algeria was no longer the "pilot nation" of the Third World. There were no major riots against Boumedienne's *coup d'état* (for Boumedienne, though hated by the people, was also feared); but there were just enough disorders and demonstrations to make the meeting of the Second Bandung in Algiers impossible. The students protested, and so did the irrepressible street kids of Algiers. Somebody—the Egyptians, Boumedienne's people say—even caused an explosion in the building where the Second Bandung Conference was to take place. For several days there was complete international chaos. The Chinese, determined that the Afro-Asian conference should take place, hastened to recognize the Boumedienne regime; students in Algiers thereupon publicly burned the Chinese flag. The Chinese were in bad company: Syria was the only Arab country that hastened to recognize Boumedienne; among the few other "Bandung" powers to do so were South Vietnam, Indonesia and Ethiopia. To this day the nine African states of the Commonwealth have not acknowledged the new regime. Boumedienne's relations with Egypt are particularly strained, since Nasser was alleged to have surrounded Ben Bella by countless "advisers." Nasser's plea for Ben Bella's life met with stony silence from Algeria's new rulers, and no one on the outside knows whether he is alive or not. If Nasser is angry, the Russians are at least much perturbed. Boumedienne has made it clear that he intends to pursue an "Islamic form of socialism from above," an approach which has nothing in common with Marxism; he has expelled the correspondent of the Communist *L'Humanité* and closed down the Algiers office of the Cuban news agency.

The Chinese realized belatedly that they had made a mistake in recognizing Boumedienne; they had been willing to pay almost any price to save the Afro-Asian conference—where they hoped to show up Russia's "dishonest" policy in Vietnam. But by eliminating Ben Bella and by provoking demonstrations which made it impossible to hold the Afro-Asian conference in Algiers, Boumedienne has struck what may be a fatal blow to "Second Bandung." It has now been "postponed" until November 5, but it seems extremely doubtful that if it is held at all, the conference will convene at Algiers. Ben Bella had successfully groomed himself as the spokesman of "the whole of Africa." Boumedienne appears to have no international ambitions. He is a hard, fanatical Moslem, hostile, as one French paper put it, "to all Western ideologies, and above all, to Marxism." Already there are signs that the emancipation of women, which Ben Bella wholeheartedly supported, is suffering a setback. (Thousands of women vociferously protested the *coup d'état.*)

The new Algerian leader dislikes Ben Bella's "self-management" technique, closely modeled on that of Yugoslavia, and stands for a more rigid kind of "state socialism"; one of his few assets is the relative economic success of the state farms run by the army. For all his fanatical dedication to Islam, he wants to ingratiate himself with the West by pursuing a sharply anti-Communist policy. If Ben Bella appeared to be pro-Russian (and pro-Nasser), rather than pro-Chinese, Boumedienne is neither. In one of his rare statements he stressed the need for still closer "cooperation" with France, despite de Gaulle's obvious distaste for the changes in Algeria. The Americans, it seems, think they can cash in on this very curious situation. As Jean Daniel writes in *Le Nouvel Observateur,* they are already "tactlessly" trying to exploit the anti-communism of the Boumedienne group, and in a way that "can only compromise them"; American diplomats are in close contact with Boumedienne and much has been made of the 12,000 tons of American wheat which was refused to Egypt but has now been sent to Algeria.

Algeria will be interesting to watch in the next few months. It seems to be finished as the pivotal nation of the Third World. Will it in fact abandon "socialism"? Some are already saying that Ben Bella (like Peron in the Argentine) will remain (whether dead or alive) the hero of the underdog—of whom there are millions in Algeria. Will Boumedienne be more successful than Ben Bella in the economic field? Finally, will Algeria, like so many other places in Africa, become the scene of a more or less discreet competition between France and the United States? Meantime, as a result primarily of internal Algerian rivalries, a conference of perhaps the most far-reaching consequences in Vietnam and elsewhere has been "postponed," and the Third World itself has entered a period of acute crisis.

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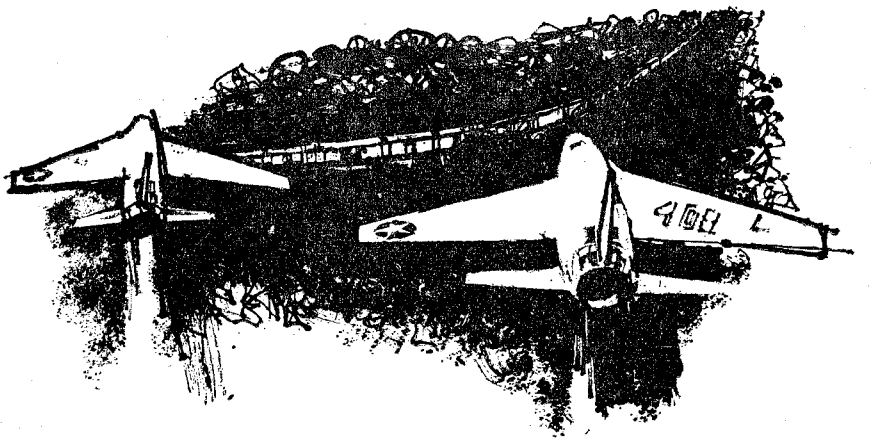
The Pentagon's Dilemma

GOLIATH AND THE GUERRILLA

Eric Hobsbawn

London



Three things have won conventional wars in this century: greater reserves of manpower, greater industrial potential, and a reasonably functioning system of civilian administration. The strategy of the United States in the past two decades has been based on the hope that the second of these (in which it is supreme) would offset the first, in which the USSR was believed to have the edge. This theory was based on faulty arithmetic in the days when the only war envisaged was one against Russia, for the Warsaw Pact powers have no greater population than NATO. The West was merely more reluctant to mobilize its manpower in conventional ways. However, at present the argument is probably more valid, for some of the Western states (like France) will almost certainly stay neutral in any world war that is likely, and China alone has more men than all the Western powers likely to fight in concert. At all events, whether the arguments were right or wrong, the United States has since 1945 put its money entirely on the superiority of its industrial power, on its capacity to throw into a war more machinery and more explosives than anyone else.

Consequently, it has been badly shaken to discover that a new method of winning wars has been developed in our time, and that it more than offsets the organization and industrial power of conventional military operations. That is guerrilla war, and the number of Goliaths who have been felled by Davids with slingshots is now very impressive: the Japanese in China, the Germans in wartime Yugoslavia, the British in Israel, the French in Indo-China and Algeria. At present the United States itself is undergoing the same treatment in South Vietnam. Hence the anguished attempts to pit bombs against small men behind trees, or to discover the gimmick (for surely there must be one?) which allows a few thousand ill-armed peasants to hold at bay the greatest military power on earth. Hence also the simple refusal to believe that it can be so. If the United States is baffled it must be due to some other—measurable and bombable—reason: to the aggressive North Vietnamese, who actually sympathize with their Southern brothers and smuggle trickles of supplies to them; to the terrible Chinese who have the nerve to possess a common border with North Vietnam; and no doubt eventually to the Russians. Before common sense flies completely out of the window, it is therefore worth taking a look at the nature of modern guerrilla war.

There is nothing new about operations of a guerrilla type. Every peasant society is familiar with the "noble" bandit or Robin Hood who "takes from the rich to give to the poor" and escapes the clumsy traps of soldiers and policemen until he is betrayed. For as long as no peasant will give him away and as long as plenty will tell him about the movements of his enemies, he really is as immune to hostile weapons and as invisible to hostile eyes as the legends and songs about such bandits invariably claim.

Both the reality and the legend are to be found in our age, literally from China to Peru. Like the military resources of the bandit, those of the guerrilla are the obvious ones: elementary armaments reinforced by a detailed knowledge of difficult and inaccessible terrain, mobility, physical endurance superior to that of the pursuers, but above all a refusal to fight on the enemy's terms, in concentrated force, and face to face. But the guerrilla's major asset is nonmilitary and without it he is helpless: he must have the sympathy and support, active and passive, of the local population. Any Robin Hood who loses it is dead, and so is any guerrilla. Every textbook of guerrilla warfare begins by pointing this out, and it is the one thing that military instruction in "counterinsurgency" cannot teach.

The main difference between the ancient, and in most peasant societies endemic, form of band operation and the modern guerrilla is that the Robin Hood type of social bandit has extremely modest and limited military objectives (and usually only a very small and localized force). The test of a guerrilla group comes when it sets itself such ambitious tasks as the overthrow of a political regime or the expulsion of a regular force of occupiers, and especially when it sets out to do this not in some remote corner of a country (the "liberated area") but over an entire national territory. Until the early 20th century hardly any guerrilla movements faced this test; they operated in extremely inaccessible and marginal regions — mountain country is the commonest example — or opposed relatively primitive and inefficient governments, native or foreign. Guerrilla actions have sometimes played an important part in major modern wars, either alone in exceptionally favorable conditions, as with the Tyrolese against the French in 1809, or more usually, as ancillaries to regular forces—during the Napoleonic Wars, for example, or

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in our century in Spain and Russia. However, by themselves and for any length of time, they almost certainly had little more than nuisance value, as in Southern Italy, where Napoleon's French were never seriously inconvenienced by them. That may be one reason why they did not much preoccupy military thinkers until the 20th century. Another reason, which may explain why even revolutionary soldiers did not think much about them, was that practically all effective guerrillas were ideologically conservative, even if socially rebellious. Few peasants had been converted to left-wing political views or followed left-wing political leaders.

The novelty of modern guerrilla war, therefore, is not so much military. The guerrillas of today may have at their disposal much better equipment than did their predecessors, but they are still invariably much worse armed than their opponents (they derive a large part of their armament — in the early stages, probably most of it—from what they can capture, buy or steal from the other side, and not, as Pentagon folklore holds, from foreign supplies). Until the ultimate phase of guerrilla war, when the guerrilla force becomes an army, and may actually face and defeat its adversaries in open battle, as at Dienbienphu, there is nothing in the purely military pages of Mao, Vo Nguyen Giap, Che Guevara or other manuals of guerrilla warfare, which a traditional *guerrillero* or band leader would regard as other than simple common sense.

The novelty is political, and it is of two kinds. First, situations are now more common when the guerrilla force can rely on mass support in widely different areas of its country. It does so in part by appealing to the common interest of the poor against the rich, the oppressed against the government; and in part by exploiting nationalism or the hatred of foreign occupiers (often of another color). It is, once again, only the folklore of military experts that "peasants want only to be left alone." They don't. When they have no food, they want food; when they have no land, they want land; when they are cheated by the officials of a remote capital, they want to get rid of them. But above all they want rights as men and, when ruled by foreigners, to get rid of the foreigners. One ought to add that an effective guerrilla war is possible only in countries in which such appeals can be successfully made to a high percentage of the rural population in a high proportion of the country's territory. One of the major reasons for the defeat of guerrilla war in Malaya and Kenya was that these conditions did not obtain: the guerrillas were drawn almost entirely from among the Chinese or Kikuyu, whereas the Malays (the rural majority) and the rest of Kenya remained largely outside the movement.

The second political novelty is the nationalization not only of support for the guerrillas but of the guerrilla force itself, by means of parties and movements of national and sometimes international scope. The partisan unit is no longer a purely local growth; it is a body of permanent and mobile cadres around whom the local force is formed. They link it with other units into a "guerrilla army" capable of nation-wide strategy and of being transformed into a "real" army. They also link it with the noncombatant national movement in general, and the politically decisive cities in particular. This implies a fundamental change in the character of such forces; it does *not* mean that guerrilla armies are now composed of hard-core revolutionaries infiltrated from outside. However numerous and enthusiastic the volunteers, the outside recruitment of guerrillas is limited partly by technical considerations, partly because many potential recruits, especially from among city intellectuals and workers, are simply not qualified; they lack the sort of experience which only guerrilla action or peasant life can give. Guerrillas may be started by a nucleus of cadres, but even a totally infiltrated force such as the Communist units which maintained themselves for some years after 1945 in Aragon (Spain) soon had to begin systematically recruiting among the local population. The bulk of any successful guerrilla force is always likely to consist of local men, or of professional fighters who were once recruited as local men, and the military advantages of this are immense, as Che Guevara has pointed out, for the local man "has his friends, to whom he can make a personal appeal for help; he knows the terrain and all the things that are likely to happen in the region; and he will also have the extra enthusiasm of the man who is defending his own home."

But if the guerrilla force is an amalgam of outside cadres and local recruits, it will nevertheless have been entirely transformed. It will not only have unprecedented cohesion, discipline and morale, developed by systematic education (in literacy as well as military techniques) and political training but unprecedented long-range mobility. The "Long March" transferred Mao's Red army from one end of China to the other, and Tito's partisans achieved similar migrations after similar defeats. And wherever the guerrilla army goes, it will apply the essential principles of guerrilla war which are, almost by definition, inapplicable by orthodox forces: (1) To pay for everything supplied by the local population; (2) not to rape the local women; (3) to bring land, justice and schools wherever they go; and (4) never to live better than, or otherwise than, the local inhabitants.

Such forces, operating as part of a nation-wide political movement and under conditions of popular support, have proved themselves extraordinarily formidable. At their best they simply cannot be defeated by orthodox military operations. Even when less successful, they can be defeated, according to the calculations of British counterinsurgency experts in Malaya and elsewhere, only by a *minimum* of ten men on the ground for every single guerrilla; that is to say, in South Vietnam by a *minimum* of something like a million Americans and puppet Vietnamese. (In fact, the 8,000 Malayan guerrillas immobilized 140,000 soldiers and policemen.) As the United States is now discovering, orthodox military methods are quite beside the point: bombs don't work unless there is something other than paddies to make craters in. The "official" or foreign forces soon realize that the only way to fight guerrillas is by attacking their base, i.e., the civilian population. Various ways of doing this have been proposed, from the old-fashioned Nazi method of treating all civilians as potential guerrillas, through more selective massacre and torture, to the presently popular device of kidnaping entire populations and concentrating them in fortified village compounds, in the hope of depriving the guerrillas of their indispensable source of supplies and intelligence. The U.S. forces, with their usual taste for

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solving social problems by technological means, appear to have a preference for destroying everything over large areas, presumably in the hope either that all guerrillas in the area will be killed along with the rest of the human, animal and vegetable life, or that somehow all those trees and underbrush will be vaporized, leaving the guerrillas standing up and visible, where they can be bombed like real soldiers. Barry Goldwater's plan to defoliate the Vietnamese forests by nuclear bombs was no more grotesque than what is actually being attempted along these lines.

The difficulty with such methods is that they merely confirm the local population in their support of the guerrillas, and provide the latter with a constant supply of recruits. Hence the anti-guerrillas devise plans to cut the ground from under the enemy's feet by improving the economic and social conditions of the local population, rather in the manner of King Frederick William I of Prussia who is reported to have run after his subjects in Berlin, beating them with his stick and shouting: "I want you to love me." But it is not easy to convince people that their conditions are being improved while their wives and children are being drenched in burning oil, especially when the people doing the drenching live (by Vietnamese standards) like princes.

Anti-guerrilla governments are more likely to talk about, say, giving peasants the land, than actually doing it, but even when they carry out a series of such reforms they do not necessarily gain the gratitude of the peasants. Oppressed peoples do not want economic improvement alone. The most formidable insurrectionary movements (including very notably the Vietnamese) are those that combine national and social elements. A people who want bread and *also* independence cannot be conciliated merely by a more generous distribution of bread. The British met the revolutionary agitation of the Irish under Parnell and Davitt in the 1880s by a combination of coercion and economic reform, and not without success—but this did not forestall the Irish revolutionary movement which threw them out in 1916-22.

Nevertheless, there are limitations to a guerrilla army's ability to win a war, though it usually has effective means to avoid losing one. In the first place, guerrilla strategy is by no means applicable everywhere on a national scale, and that is why it has failed, or partly failed, in a number of countries, e.g., Malaya and Burma. Internal divisions and hostilities — racial, religious, etc.—within a country or a region may limit the guerrilla base to one part of the people, while automatically providing a potential base for anti-guerrilla action in another. To take an obvious case: the Irish Revolution of 1916-22, essentially a

guerrilla operation, succeeded in the twenty-six counties but not in Northern Ireland, despite a common frontier and active or passive help from the south. (The British Government, by the way, never made this sympathy an excuse to drop bombs on the Shannon barrage in order to force the Dublin government to cease its aggression against the free world.)

Again, there may be peoples so inexperienced or so lacking in effective cadres as to allow large-scale and wide-based guerrilla insurrections to be suppressed, at least for some time. That is perhaps the case in Angola. Or the geography of a country may facilitate local guerrilla action, but make coordinated general guerrilla warfare remarkably difficult (as perhaps in some Latin American countries). Or a people may be simply too small to win independence by direct action without major outside aid against a combination of occupying countries determined to suppress them. This may be the case with the Kurds, superb and persistent guerrilla fighters of the traditional kind, but who have never achieved their independence.

Beyond these obstacles which vary from country to country, there is the problem of cities. However great the support for the movement in the cities, however urban the origin of its leaders, cities and especially capital cities are the last places a guerrilla army will capture or, unless very badly advised, tackle. The Chinese Communists' road to Shanghai and Canton ran via Yenan. The Italian and French resistance movements timed their urban insurrections (Paris, 1944; Milan and Turin, 1945) for the very last moments before the arrival of Allied armies, and the Poles who did not (Warsaw, 1943) were wiped out. The power of modern industry, transport and administration can be neutralized for a significant length of time only where it lies thin on the ground. Small-scale harassment, such as the cutting of one or two roads and rail tracks, can disrupt military movement and administration in difficult rural terrain, but not in the big city. Guerrilla action or its equivalent is entirely possible in the city — after all, how many bank robbers are ever caught in London? — and there have been some recent examples of it, for instance in Barcelona in the late 1940s, and various cities in Latin America. But it has little more than nuisance value, and merely serves to create a general atmosphere of lack of confidence in the efficiency of the regime, or to tie down armed forces and police which might be better used elsewhere.

Finally, the most crucial limitation of guerrilla warfare is that it cannot win until it becomes *regular* warfare, in which case it must meet its enemies on their strongest ground. It is comparatively easy for a widely backed guerrilla movement to eliminate official power from the countryside, except for the strong points actually physically occupied by armed forces, and to leave in government or occupation control no more than the isolated cities and garrisons, linked by a few main roads or railroads (and that only by daylight), and by air or radio. The real problem is to get beyond that point. Textbooks

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devote a good deal of attention to this ultimate phase of guerrilla war, which the Chinese and Vietnamese handled with brilliant success against Chiang Kai-shek and the French. However, those successes should not induce mistaken generalizations. The real strength of guerrilla armies lies not in their ability to turn themselves into regular armies capable of expelling other conventional forces but in their political strength. The total withdrawal of popular support may produce the collapse of local governments, often—as in China and Vietnam — heralded by mass desertions to the guerrillas; a crucial military success by the guerrillas may bring this collapse into the open. Fidel Castro's rebel army did not win Havana: when it had demonstrated that it could not only hold the Sierra Maestra but also take the provincial capital of Santiago, the government apparatus of Batista collapsed.

Foreign occupying forces are likely to be less vulnerable and less inefficient. However, even they may be convinced that they are in a war they cannot win, that even their tenuous hold can be maintained only at quite disproportionate cost. The decision to call off the wasting game is naturally humiliating, and there are always good reasons for postponing it, because it will rarely happen that the foreign forces have been decisively defeated, even in local actions like Dienbienphu. The Americans are still in Saigon, apparently drinking their bourbon peacefully, except perhaps for an occasional bomb in a café. Their columns still crisscross the country apparently at will, and their losses are not much greater than those from traffic accidents at home. Their aircraft are dropping bombs wherever they like, and there is still somebody who can be called the prime minister of "free" Vietnam, though it may be hard to forecast from one day to the next who he will be.

Thus, it can always be argued that just one more effort will tip the balance: more troops, more bombs, more massacres and torture, more "social missions." The history of the Algerian War anticipates the one in Vietnam in this respect. By the time it was over, half a million Frenchmen were in uniform there (against a total Moslem population of 9 million, or one soldier to every eighteen inhabitants, not counting the pro-French local white population), and the army was still asking for more, including the destruction of the French Republic.

It is hard, in such circumstances, to cut one's losses, but there are occasions when no other decision makes sense. Some governments may take it earlier than others. The British evacuated Ireland and Israel well before their military position had become untenable. The French hung on for nine years in Vietnam and for seven years in Algeria, but went in the end. For what is the alternative? The old style of local or marginal guerrilla actions, like border raiding by tribesmen, could be isolated or contained by various relatively cheap devices which did not interfere with the ordinary life of a country or its occupiers. A few squadrons of aircraft could occasionally bomb villages (a favorite British device in the Middle East between the wars), a military frontier zone could be established (as on the old northwest frontier of India), and in extreme cases governments tacitly left some remote and disturbed region to its own devices for a while, merely seeing to it that the trouble did not spread. In a situation like that of Vietnam today or of Algeria in the later 1950s, this will simply not work. If a people does not want to be ruled in the old way any more, there is nothing much that can be done. Of course, if elections had been held in South Vietnam in 1956, as was provided by the Geneva agreements, the views of its people might have been discovered at considerably less cost.

Where does this leave the anti-insurrectionaries? It would be foolish to pretend that guerrilla war is an invariable recipe for successful revolution or that its hopes, as of now, are realistic in more than a limited number of relatively undeveloped countries. The theorists of "counterinsurgency" can therefore take comfort in the thought that they need not *always* lose. But that is not the point. When, for one reason or another, a guerrilla war has become genuinely national and nation-wide, and has expelled the official administration from wide stretches of the countryside, the chances of defeating it are zero. That the Mau Mau were defeated in Kenya is no help to the Americans in Vietnam; all the less help when we remember that Kenya is now independent, and the Mau Mau regarded as pioneers and heroes of the national struggle. That the Burmese Government has never been overthrown by guerrillas was no help to the French in Algeria. The problem of President Johnson is Vietnam, not the Philippines, and the situation in Vietnam is lost.

What remain in such a situation are illusions and terror. The rationalizations of today's Washington policy were all anticipated in Algeria. We were told by French official spokesmen that the ordinary Algerian was on the side of France, or if not actually pro-French, that he wanted only peace and quiet but was terrorized by the FLN. We were told, practically once a week, that the situation had improved, that it was now stabilized, that another month should see the forces of order regain the initiative, that all they needed was another few thousand soldiers and another few million francs. We were told that the rebellion would soon die down, once it was deprived of its foreign sanctuary and source of supplies. That sanctuary (Tunisia) was bombed and the border hermetically sealed. We were told that if only the great center of Moslem subversion in Cairo could be eliminated, everything would be all right. The French therefore made war on Egypt. In the last stages we were told that there might just conceivably be some people who *really* wanted to get rid of the French, but since the FLN obviously did not represent the Algerian people, but only a gang of ideological infiltrators, it would be grossly unfair to the Algerians to negotiate with them. We were told about the minorities which had to be protected against terror. The only thing we were not told was that France would if necessary use nuclear weapons, because the French didn't then have any. What was the result? Algeria is today governed by the FLN.

The means by which the illusions are to come true is terror, mostly — in the nature of things — against noncombatants. There is the old-fashioned terror against civilians by frightened soldiers, demoralized by the fact that in this kind of war any civilian may be an enemy fighter, and culminating in the infamous mass reprisals — the razing of villages, such as the Nazis' Lidice and Oradour. Intelligent anti-guerrillas

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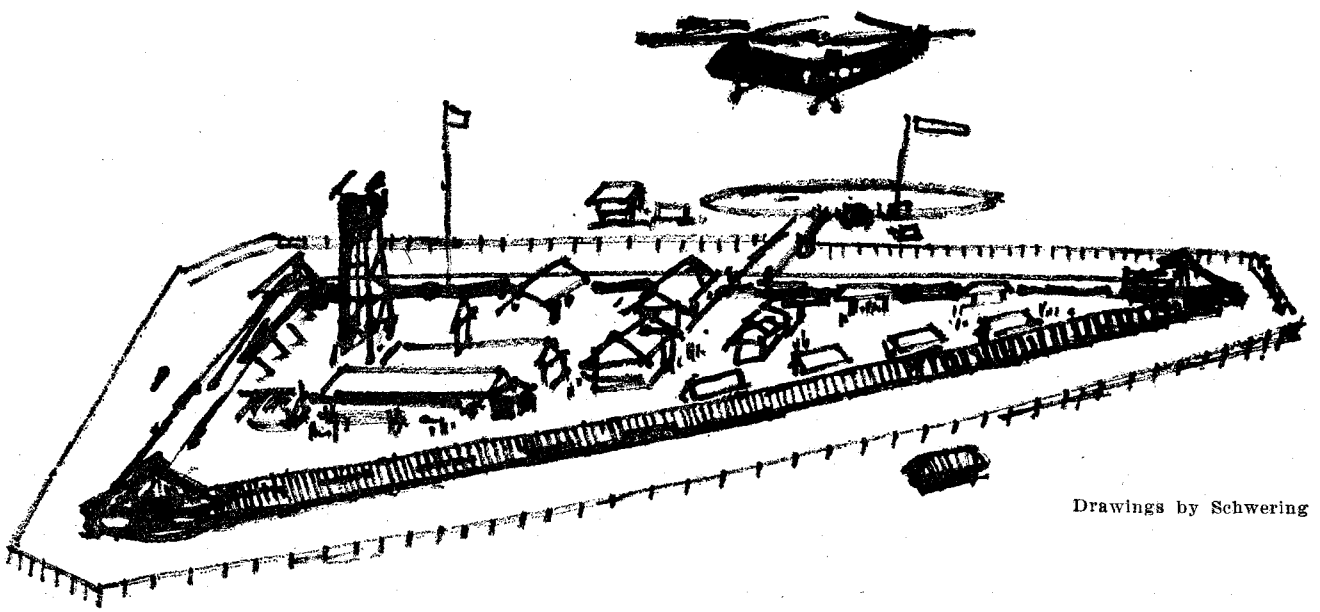
will discourage this, since it is apt to make the local population totally hostile. Still, such terror and reprisals will happen. Furthermore, there will be the more selective torturing of prisoners for information. In the past there may have been some moral limitation on such torture, but not, alas, in our time. In fact, we have so far forgotten the elementary reflexes of humanity that in Vietnam we photograph torturers and victims and release the pictures to the press.

A second kind of terror is that which is at the base of all modern warfare, whose targets nowadays are essentially the civilians rather than the combatants. (Nobody would ever have developed nuclear weapons for any other purpose.) In orthodox warfare the purpose of indiscriminate mass destruction is to break the morale of population and government, and to destroy the industrial and administrative base on which any orthodox war effort must rest. Neither task is as easy in guerrilla war, because there are hardly any cities, factories, communications or other installations to destroy, and nothing like the vulnerable central administration machine of an advanced state. On the other hand, more modest success may pay off. If terror convinces even a single area to withhold support from the guerrillas, and thus to drive them elsewhere, this is a net gain for the anti-guerrillas. So the temptation to go on bombing and burning at random is irresistible, especially for countries like the United States which could strip the entire surface of South Vietnam of life without dipping too deeply into its supply of armaments or money.

Lastly, there is that most hopeless and desperate form of terror, which the United States is at present applying: the threat to extend the war to other nations unless they can somehow get the guerrillas to stop. This has no rational justificaton at all. If the Vietnamese war were really what the State Department pretends, namely an "indirect" foreign aggression without "a spontaneous and local rebellion," then no bombing of North Vietnam would be necessary. The Vietcong would be of no more importance in history than the attempts to set up guerrilla warfare in Spain after 1945, which faded away, leaving few traces except some local newspaper stories and a few publications by Spanish policemen. Conversely, if the people of South Vietnam really were on the side of whatever general at present claims to be their government, or merely wanted to be left in peace, there would be no more trouble in that country than in neighboring Cambodia or Burma, both of which had or still have guerrilla movements.

But it is clear by now, and should always have been clear, that the Vietcong will not go away quietly, and no miracle will transform South Vietnam into a stable anti-Communist republic within the foreseeable future. As most governments in the world know (though one or two, like the British, are too dependent on Washington to say so) there can be no military solution in Vietnam without at least a major conventional land war in the Far East, which would probably escalate into a world war when, sooner or later, the United States discovered that it could not win such a conventional war either. And it would be fought by several hundreds of thousands of American troops, because the allies of the United States, though doubtless willing to send a token battalion or ambulance unit, are not fools enough to involve themselves seriously in a conflict of this kind. The pressure to escalate a little further will mount, and so will the Pentagon belief in the most suicidal of all the many Vietnamese illusions — that in the last showdown the North Vietnamese and Chinese can be terrorized by the prospect of nuclear war into defeat or withdrawal.

They cannot, for three reasons. First, because (whatever the computers say) nobody believes that a United States Government, which is genuinely interested in a stable and peaceful world, will actually start a nuclear war over Vietnam. South Vietnam is a question of vital importance for Hanoi and Peking, just as Soviet missiles off Florida were regarded as a vital issue in Washington; whereas the Vietcong are merely a matter of saving face for the United States as Cuban missile bases were of marginal urgency for Khrushchev. The Russians backed down over Cuba because to them it was not worth any kind of world war, nuclear or conventional. For the same reason the United States can be expected to back down in South Vietnam, provided it is interested in world peace, and provided, presumably, some sort of



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face-saving formula can be found.

Second, and on the supposition that the United States really is not prepared for any realistic settlement in South Vietnam, its nuclear threat will not work in the long run because North Vietnam, China (and quite a few other countries) will conclude that nothing is to be expected from concession except further United States demands. There is so much talk about "Munich" in Washington these days that it is often forgotten how much like Munich the situation must look to the other side. A government which regards itself as free to bomb a country with which it is not at war can hardly be surprised if China and North Vietnam refuse to believe that this is the last concession they will be asked to make. There are, as the U.S. Government is aware, situations today in which countries are willing to face the risks of world war, even nuclear war. For China and North Vietnam, South Vietnam is one such situation and the Chinese have already made that clear. It is dangerous daydreaming to think otherwise.

Third and last, the threat of nuclear war against China and North Vietnam is relatively ineffective, because it is more appropriately a threat made against *industrialized* belligerents. It assumes that in modern warfare there comes a moment when a country or a people must give up because its back is broken. That is a certain outcome of nuclear war for small and medium-sized industrial states and a probable one for large ones (including the United States), but it is *not* the necessary outcome for a relatively undeveloped state, especially one as gigantic as China. It is certainly true that China (without the USSR) has no chance of defeating the United States. The strength of its position is that neither can it be defeated in any realistic sense. Its token nuclear bombs can be destroyed, and so can its industries, cities and many millions of its 700 million citizens. But all that would merely put the country back to where it was at the time of the Korean War. There are simply not enough Americans to conquer and occupy the country.

It is important for American generals (and for anyone else calculating war on assumptions derived from industrial societies) to realize that a nuclear threat will be regarded by the Chinese either as incredible, or as inevitable but not decisive. It will therefore not work *as a threat*, though doubtless the Chinese will not rush lightly into a major war, especially a nuclear one, even when they believe it cannot be avoided. As in Korea, they are not likely to enter it until directly attacked or threatened. The dilemma of American policy therefore remains. Having three times as many nuclear bombs as the rest of the world is very impressive, but it will not stop people from making revolutions of which Mr. McGeorge Bundy disapproves. Nuclear bombs cannot win guerrilla wars such as the Vietnamese are now fighting, and without such weapons it is improbable that even conventional wars can be won in that region. (The Korean War was at best a draw.) Nuclear bombs cannot be used as a *threat* to win a little war that is lost, or even a medium-sized war, for though the populace can be massacred, the enemy cannot be brought to surrender. If the United States can come to terms with the realities of Southeast Asia, it will find itself very much where it was before — the most formidable power in the world, whose position and influence nobody wants to challenge, if only because nobody can, but which, like all other powers, past and present, must live in a world it does not altogether like. If it cannot come to such terms, sooner or later it will blast off those missiles. The risk is that the United States, suffering from the well-known disease of infant great powers — a touch of omnipotence — will slide into nuclear war rather than face reality.

The Question of SNCC . . . . . Jack Newfield

The real and exact job of a cop: STOP
STOP

that is also true
of executive committees
and every government and
organization in the whole world

except
small quick ones

and plain people
who love.

— *Jane Stembridge*
SNCC staff

More than five years have now passed since the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) was formed during an Easter weekend conference on the campus of Shaw University in Raleigh, N.C. Since then, this battered brotherhood of organizers, poets, hipsters and visionaries has grown up to have a staff of 200 full-time paid workers in the field, plus 250 full-time volunteers; an annual budget of $800,000, and an evolving philosophy unburdened by obsolete blueprints for utopia from other generations or other countries. SNCC is simply the sum of its experiences inside the eye of the American Dilemma.

SNCC is more a chaotic movement than a conventional civil rights organization; the best image for it is that of an amoeba with pseudopods reaching out in many directions. Compared to the well-organized and disciplined Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), SNCC is a happening.

Recoiling from the "cult of personality" that surrounds Martin Luther King, the young anti-heroes of SNCC have adopted a rotating or egalitarian style of leadership that baffles the rest of the movement. Whenever there is a summit conference of the civil rights leadership, Dr. King, James Farmer, Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young never know which of a dozen possible representatives of SNCC will show up. Ask a SNCC worker, "Who is the head of SNCC?" and he'll reply, "Man, we don't have any leaders" or "The people lead SNCC because they tell us what to do. We don't tell them."

The two most visible personalities in SNCC are Chairman John Lewis; introverted, the veteran of thirty-nine arrests and an ordained minister; and 37-year-old Executive Secretary James Forman. While Lewis' title is largely ceremonial,

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Forman, with great organizational skills and the instincts of a Marine sergeant, has become the most powerful individual in SNCC. But his troops' passion for spontaneity, individualism and freedom is so marked that he is still far from being a "leader" in the conventional sense.

Although he has relinquished all formal titles, 30-year-old Robert Parris is SNCC's other center of gravity. He seems to combine the

qualities of the saintly revolutionist Kropotkin with the existentialist philosopher Camus. Parris, who was the first SNCC field secretary to penetrate Mississippi in 1961, has now, despite his flight from leadership, become the ideologue for a major current of thinking within the whole student activist movement; it is the group whose values seem rooted in the humanist and anarchist tradition, rather than in Marxist dogma; those who put the emphasis on freedom rather than movement.

Among the staff of more than 200, there flourishes a staggering diversity that is probably SNCC's greatest resource. There are field workers with masters' degrees and those with only public school education; there are blacks and whites (about sixty), boys and girls; Northerners and Southerners; there are rambunctious teen-agers and stooped adults in their 60s; there are gifted poets like Jane Stembridge, complex Negro intellectuals like Stokley Carmichael, white Southerners like Robert Zellner and former sharecroppers like Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer.

Some of the whites are trying to act black—"clappin' to Ray Charles records on the wrong beat," says Stokley Carmichael; some of the blacks are trying to atone for once acting white. Embryonic black nationalists find a few white masochists to prey on, and the West Indian Negroes feel guilty because their grandfathers weren't plantation slaves.

Because of this pluralism within a framework of individualism, only a few generalizations fit all of the animal called SNCC. It is nonviolent and profoundly democratic. Its strength derives from grass-roots involvement with the very poor. Strongly anarchic in spirit (but not in program), SNCC instills in its workers skepticism of all bureaucracy and all centralized authority—including its own. And SNCC preaches and practices participatory democracy—the concept that everyone should take part in all the decisions that affect his life. With this goes an almost mystical faith in the ability of "the little people"—the lumpen proletariat—to change their condition and govern themselves democratically; a vision which seems to be the antithesis of Communist elitism and authoritarianism.

To watch a SNCC worker function in the rural South is to see democracy in its purest and rawest form. He doesn't manipulate, control or direct discussions at mass meetings. Instead, he devotes his attention to encouraging the least articulate sympathizers with the movement to express themselves without embarrassment. The best of the SNCC workers sound more like teachers or therapists than like organizers or agitators.

SNCC's mood—as its troops depart from Washington after the lobby for the Freedom Democratic Party's (FDP) Congressional challenge—is dominated by memories of wounds recently inflicted by liberal friends. A year ago, before the Democratic convention fight over seating the FDP delegation, the consensus image of SNCC among middle-class liberals was one of idealized sacrifice and purity. But after the convention there began a venomous flow of redbaiting, beatnik-baiting attacks from syndicated columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novack (there have been eighteen so far). This hostility has been extended by similarly acid criticisms from liberals with solid civil rights credentials—Joseph Rauh of the ADA, Roy Wilkins of the NAACP and others. And last May, during a public debate in New York City, Socialist Irving Howe described SNCC as "bureaucratically deformed, manipulative and undemocratic," which must rank as the least informed and most condescending description since Tony Galento called Joe Louis a bum.

These attacks are now beginning to take cumulative effect. Foundations are starting to withhold funds, as are most international unions. A HUAC investigation of SNCC is being talked of for this fall. Such portents have led a sizable segment of SNCC to predict "a new wave of McCarthyism," aimed not only against them but also against the professors, students and clergy who have energized opposition to the war in Vietnam.

It is in this newly embittered frame of mind that SNCC is now ending a period of introspection and consolidation to begin the simultaneous exploration of three new areas: the urban centers of the South, Democratic Party politics, and an attempt to build a national protest movement that would "use morality" to synthesize civil rights with peace, civil liberties and anti-poverty movements.

Throughout its history, SNCC has worked almost exclusively in rural counties — the Mississippi delta, southwest Georgia and the black belt of Arkansas and Alabama. But during the last two months, projects have been opened up in Montgomery, Birmingham and Atlanta. Last May, Fred Meely, a 23-year-old veteran of the Mississippi campaigns, sat in the deserted SNCC store-front headquarters in Montgomery and talked about the difficulties of urban organizing:

All summer we just might sit here and build a base in the community. It doesn't mean anything that we don't have an active program going yet. We're not concerned with time. We're just going to let the people in the community know we're here, become involved in their daily lives, and find out what it is they want us to do.

The cities are a whole new experience for us. Size is something new to us. So is the problem of dealing with an existing Negro leader-

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ship that is conservative and corrupt like the ministers and lawyers here in Montgomery. This middle class doesn't exist in places like Greenwood or Holly Springs. Another reason the cities are so hard to crack is that Negroes here are much less open to the idea of nonviolence. And they are more apathetic. They have a whole different set of values from rural farmers. There is a hard core of hate and violence in every black man in this city. Dozens of Negroes get cut up in fights every Saturday night. Even those people who come into the office looking for help are filled with hostility and looking for a fight.

In exploring the cities, SNCC's strategy has been to give priority to organizing "those people most damaged by the society" — junkies, winoes, prostitutes, dropouts, petty criminals and the mentally disturbed; a tactic that is based more on Genet's existential conception of the under class than on the economic one of Marx. Right now, SNCC in Montgomery seems to be beating its head bloody trying to organize the most brutalized proletariat in America. Some day it will have to start organizing the middle-class Negroes, despite their Johnny Mathis albums and green stamps, as well as the white liberals.

In Atlanta, a SNCC pseudopod is exploring a different road into the urban dilemma. Julian Bond, communications director, poet and one of SNCC's founders, last May entered the Democratic primary for the Georgia state legislature in an all-Negro district created as a result of the recent Supreme Court decision on reapportionment. Bond's candidacy ignited a fierce debate within the SNCC staff. He was attacked by those visionary staff members who oppose electoral action and by those who prefer third-party movements patterned after the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Bond campaigned —in a shirt and tie—for a $2 minimum wage law, abolition of the death penalty, and the removal of all voting requirements except age and residence. On May 5, he defeated Negro minister William Creacy by a 3-to-1 margin, and won the general election on June 16 against a Republican by a 4-to-1 plurality.

SNCC Field Secretary Charley Cobb, Bond's campaign manager, said in Washington recently: "Julian will function as a SNCC legislator. He will organize people's conferences throughout his district and ask people what they want him to do. He will get people in the community talking to one another directly, rather than to him. He will seek to develop indigenous leadership that can replace him in the legislature. And he will use his salary to finance organizers all over the state of Georgia." He added:

We don't know what it means to function as a Democrat in the Georgia House. But we think it is vital that we explore this area to see if you really have to get co-opted and sell out, or whether it is possible to use that position to organize people and release energy.

I think that with the passage of the voting rights bill and future reapportionment decisions, the rest of the South will begin to resemble Atlanta. And we have to be ready to exploit that environment the best we can. Julian's campaign was an experiment, that's all.

SNCC is also looking in a third direction—foreign policy. Although plans are still tentative, several of SNCC's veterans, including Bob Parris, Courtland Cox and Stokley Carmichael, along with Yale history professor Staughton Lynd, and pacifists Dave Dellinger and Eric Weinberger, have opened up an office in Washington to organize "students, poor people and intellectuals" around the war in Vietnam.

This mobilization is not conceived as the traditional and mechanical coalition of peace and civil rights "leaders." Rather, as Cox explains it: "We have to convince the country that civil rights workers get killed in the South because the government has a certain attitude toward killing in Vietnam. The concept that it is all right to kill an 'enemy' affects the morality of the country so that people can be murdered here."

Parris adds: "Most liberals think of Mississippi as a cancer, as a distortion of America. But we think Mississippi is an accurate reflection of America's values and morality. Why else can't the people who killed Andrew, James and Mickey be brought to justice, unless a majority of the community condones murder. Sheriff Rainey is not a freak; he reflects the majority. And what he did is related to the napalm bombings of 'objects' in Vietnam."

This group of SNCC workers and pacifists plans "continuous activity in Washington through the summer to end the war in Vietnam." Massive civil disobedience is planned for Hiroshima Day, August 6, and a march of "unrepresented poor people" on Nagasaki Day, August 9.

SNCC is not perfect. It is a chaotic movement of people, and it reflects the small frailties of people. For a few in the movement, there seems no vision of a reconciliation beyond the present conflict. And for some others, pointless antagonism to Martin Luther King's SCLC has become a posture of easily purchased militancy. Drinking and pot smoking have turned a couple of Freedom Houses into replicas of East Village bars. Nevertheless, SNCC remains the cutting edge of history; it contains the prophets and pioneers who give a whole movement the urgency that William James once called "the moral equivalent of war."

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North Dakota Runs Down . . . . . Albert Stern

Grand Forks, N.D. Some states export cotton; others, manufactured goods, oil, timber or coal. North Dakota exports people —young, talented, energetic people; thousands every year. With a population of about 600,000, it lost 120,000 people by migration in the years 1940 to 1950, 103,000 in the following decade.

People leave North Dakota because they can live better somewhere else. It is a state in which wages are low and jobs scarce; a few are wealthy and the many poor. While the picture today is bleak, a sensible politics could change it. It could raise wages in the state, create job opportunities that would keep many of the young, the energetic and the able at home. North Dakota has the opportunity to become a fine place to live rather than a fine place to leave.

At present, per capita income lags well behind national averages —about $1,500 compared to a national average of about $2,200 in 1961. Farm and service workers average about $2,000 a year. Retail employees make a little less than $50 a week, while factory workers —the economic aristocrats of the North Dakota poor—earn about $4,000 annually.

To make the situation still tougher, the state's tax structure is regressive. A substantial sales tax brings in about 25 per cent of the state's tax revenues. State income taxes account for only 10 per cent of tax receipts (the national average is 15 per cent), and corporate taxes bring in only 3 per cent of revenues (the national average is 7 per cent).

Jobs not only pay badly; they are hard to find. The number of North Dakota's farms has been steadily shrinking—from 74,000 in 1940 to about 50,000 today. What farms remain are larger and more mechanized and thousands of farmers and farm workers have been driven off the land. They flock to North Dakota towns, most of which were never more than market places for the countryside. In the little places —two grain elevators, half a dozen stores, four streets and a deserted railroad station—there are no jobs at all. Machines don't need groceries or haircuts. In the bigger towns there are few jobs at low wages.

What can a sensible politics do in North Dakota? First, it can help raise wages by repealing the state's right-to-work law. Manufacturing workers in the state, largely organized, make about twice as much annually as most other North Dakota workers. Unorganized farm workers, retail help and service workers lag badly. The example of one large North Dakota town is instructive here. Driver members of a Teamster local are guaranteed $125 a week as a minimum wage; unorganized waitresses make $30 and $45 a week in the town's better restaurants.

Yet it is hard for unions to function properly under the state's right-to-work law. Men unwilling to pay union dues enjoy union benefits under this law. Men reared in farm communities resist organization and allow themselves to be exploited.

A sensible politics would change the state's tax structure to increase the purchasing power of wages. The sales tax would be reduced and a larger share of state revenues would come from income and corporate taxes. One possibility here is to put the state income tax on a withholding basis. Other states have found that this increases revenues and makes tax evasion more difficult.

North Dakota also needs to distinguish between the homesteader and the business farmer. Approximately 4,000 farms in the state earn more than $20,000 a year—some substantially more. Such farms are in fact corporations and should be subject to corporate taxes.

On the other side of the problem, a sensible politics must create new jobs in North Dakota. Irrigation, tourism and the development of light industry need to be encouraged. The Garrison Division Project, a major irrigation canal system, will make possible the diversified farming of thousands of now arid acres in central North Dakota. Leaving one-crop farming behind, these farmers will be able to raise alfalfa, hay, potatoes and sugar beets, among other crops.

Tourism has become North Dakota's third largest industry. The state has great natural beauty, expanding recreational areas and historical sites. There is a need, however, for more state parks and for completion of the state highway system now under construction.

The development of light industry is perhaps the most exciting possibility in the state at the moment. Cheap power and water are becoming available. The largest thermo-generating plant in the world is now operating in North Dakota. A second such plant is under construction and seventeen to eighteen more thermo-generating plants will be built on top of the state's lignite coal reserves. Apart from increased use at home, this power will be sold through a national grid system as far west as California and Oregon.

An aluminum industry is a possibility; the manufacture of farm implements and small boats is already a reality. Starch plants and sugar refineries — farm-products processing in general—exist and can grow. Dakota flour, frozen potatoes and Dakota vodka would provide jobs for many workers. While work needs to be done on reducing rail rates, the availability of water and power makes North Dakota manufactures presently competitive, especially in the West. Finally the state's large potash reserves are the basis for a substantial fertilizer industry. The use of these fertilizers on newly irrigated soil can lead to expanded production for such specialty crops as sunflower, safflower, flax and durum wheat.

The state's present Democratic administration is moving in many of the directions suggested here. Some Democrats are working to repeal the right-to-work law. Governor Guy has recommended placing the state's income tax on a withholding basis, and Lt. Governor Tighe has outlined to me the job possibilities he sees for the state.

Yet economic progress is ultimately not enough. Cultural progress too must be achieved. People leave North Dakota because it is too dull. There is little music and less art; the higher educational system is narrow in outlook and primitive in methodology—a haven for mediocrity. The mass media are on the whole models of babbittry. Beyond a better living, a sensible politics must achieve a better life.

Albert Stern is developing a program in social psychiatry in North Dakota.

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The American View of Life

THE MACHINE IN THE GARDEN: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America. By Leo Marx. Oxford University Press. 392 pp. $6.75.

Alan Trachtenberg

The effect of the War of 1812, wrote Thomas Jefferson, was like Satan's destruction of Paradise: "from a peaceable and agricultural nation, he makes us a military and manufacturing one." Leo Marx fixes on this and many similar dark images in the American cultural record. The swift change from the simple rural society of the early Republic to the industrial and warfare state of today, he argues, is the central fact of American life. But *The Machine in the Garden* is far from the usual historical account. It is a study of what Americans have believed and felt during the process of social change. The subject of the book is "the American view of life," and while Marx relates that view to major changes within society, his chief concern is with consciousness.

Professor Marx is one of several scholars whose work has converged recently upon the American mind. In a real sense his work, along with that of Henry Nash Smith, R. W. B. Lewis and Charles Sanford (to name a few), traces back to Emerson's search for a national identity in thought and art. These scholars have extended the range of American self-knowledge by finding in our thought a tendency to conceive the world through myth, that is, through a deeply felt "mode of belief" derived from religion, or in Marx's case, from literature. Jefferson's lament, for example, is couched in the imagery of the myth of Eden, a myth which pervades our culture. The "American Adam" (the idea of prelapsarian innocence regained) and the "Virgin Land" (the idea of the West as a new Garden of the World) are powerful even if irrational determinants of how Americans see themselves. Drawn from Christian tradition, these images were reshaped and reinforced by American conditions: a vast wilderness to settle, with no "past" to overcome. The discovery of myth at the heart of American experience has been an immeasurable stimulus to American Studies. It encourages students to search out those conjunctions in our culture where ideas, works of art and political realities intersect. Myth provides a way to shape unities out of the diversities of American life, and it can lead to a comprehensive interpretation of the whole of our experience.

But myth criticism has severe limitations. Culture is a dynamic process, a dialectic among conflicting ideas and claims. Myths themselves are static. They cannot tell the full story of what a culture believes. Moreover, they have a function somewhat like dreams: they project deep-lying wishes. But unless they are translated into ideologies, into programs for action, they do not affect the direction of events. Americans dreamed of innocence and gardens all throughout the process which turned their collective lives in the opposite direction, toward cities, machines, violence and war. Myth and history, then, are fundamentally at odds, and it is the tension between them which gives a culture its special tone and quality.

American Studies has produced over the past few years a number of works, particularly on literature, which have described the contradictory or dialectical nature of American thought and art—its movement between innocence and experience, between pragmatic realism and high-flown idealism. These tensions within consciousness, however, are symptoms of less visible causes, causes usually evaded by critics. Shortly before his untimely death a few years ago, the literary scholar Richard Chase wrote that dialectical adroitness had probably gone as far as possible toward defining the "American-ness of our literature." What is needed now is a "genuinely historical criticism." Leo Marx takes a major step toward correcting that deficiency. His book's distinction is that it does not merely describe yet another myth, yet another set of contradictions. It goes much further, into historical causes. Marx undertakes to formulate the precise relations between literature and the general culture, and to probe the origins of culture itself in the mind's response to historical circumstance.

The book's argument, as I have said, is that the core experience of our society has been the sudden change from a rural to an industrial world. This plain (though hardly simple) social and economic fact had an entire range of effects upon consciousness, which Marx examines with extraordinary subtlety and exactness. Beginning in the 17th century, Americans attached themselves to an image of their land as a potential garden, a "middle landscape" between the evils of civilization (Europe) and of wild, untamed nature. This attachment was derived, Marx shows, from a long European tradition of pastoral aspirations. The ideal was embodied in the conventional literary mode, called "pastoral," in which shepherds tend their fleecy flocks and pipe their tunes within a perfectly happy and tranquil landscape. This form was invented, mainly by Virgil, out of a kind of resentment against an urban, power-based society such as Rome. The Virgilian mode, with its fictional Arcadia and conventional shepherds, flourished in Elizabethan England, on the eve of American settlement. But the Age of Discovery lent a new vitality to the old form, and made it possible, as Marx shows in a brilliant treatment of *The Tempest*, for Shakespeare to dispense with the stock properties, the bucolic diction, the shepherds—even the sheep. Arcadia lay in the past, but in America the Golden Age now seemed a bright new possibility.

But the possibility, Shakespeare saw, was ambiguous. In his analysis of the play, and of Virgil's first Ecologue, Marx makes a crucial distinction between the "ideal" or hope which pastoral contains — the hope for harmony and fulfillment — and the larger, encompassing form or "design" of the poem. The ideal is simple, beautiful and utopian. The design, on the other hand, is complex. For it involves a drama in which the ideal is threatened by a "counterforce" from the outside. In Virgil it is Rome; in Shakespeare, Milan on one side, Caliban on the other. In each case the resolution is strongly qualified by this intrusion

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Alan Trachtenberg is the author of Brooklyn Bridge: Fact and Symbol *(Oxford University Press).*

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of history and raw, blind nature. The poet, in short, while affirming his myth, does not close his eyes to reality. "We are reminded," writes Marx on the ending of *The Tempest*, "that history cannot be stopped."

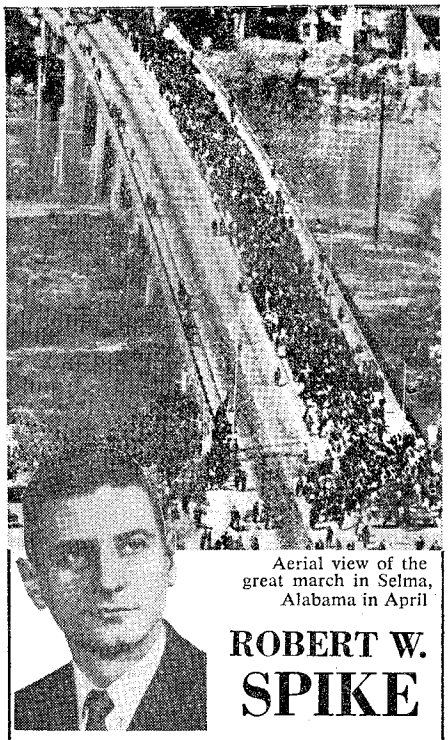
This distinction between ideal and design prepares for the real work of the book—the emergence of a uniquely American version of literary pastoral, in which the counterforce will be the emblem of industrialism, a machine. And the distinction also sheds light upon Marx's own method. The complex pastoral design is essentially a model of a dialectic; the mind achieves a balance by reconciling opposites. In Marx's approach, culture itself is a process of interplay between mind and actuality, between literary mode and social circumstance. He brings into focus a specific convention — the pastoral ideal — and re-creates the movements and phases of the transaction. To do this, Marx dispenses with the mechanical chapter arrangement of many scholarly works; the book's pattern is a controlled unfolding of theme and countertheme. As a result, it has an exciting dramatic quality missing from most academic books. It is, as it were, a scholarly version of complex pastoral.

To re-create the emergence of American literary pastoral, Marx gives his book a form taken from the contradiction which is the book's subject. The basic dialectic is contained in three long sections: "The Garden," "The Machine" and "Two Kingdoms of Force" (thesis, antithesis and synthesis — something other than a simple resolution). Each section has its own pattern of claim and counterclaim, or what might be called ambivalence. "The Garden" picks up themes from the two introductory chapters dealing with Virgil, Shakespeare and the nature of pastoral, and shows that early American accounts of the new world revive the pastoral ideal at the very time it was dying as a literary mode in England (where it subsequently reappeared, in the 18th century, under the influence of Lockean epistemology and ethical theory, as the new nature poetry). But these accounts swing between opposite views of the American landscape: the view that it is a paradise where men will effortlessly realize their ancient dreams, and the view that it is a howling and threatening wilderness, to be subdued only by ruthless energy.

Jefferson plays a key role in achieving some balance. He is America's first great pastoralist; through him the old literary mode is transformed into a political vision. His famous description of the "noble husbandman" is really a new version of the good shepherd, located in what now is an American "middle landscape." As soon as Jefferson created the image, however, he backed off from it. The image, Marx shows, was fundamentally poetic, and the statesman's political sense recognized its inadequacy as a national program. He had seized upon the figure in a passage in *Notes on Virginia* arguing against the development of native manufacturing. Economic arguments suddenly give way to poetic metaphor: the husbandman, close to nature, represented health; factories were disease and dysfunction, all the evils of Europe's steaming cities. Jefferson never repudiated the metaphor, but somewhat like Prospero (who renounces his powers at the end of *The Tempest*, acknowledging that the work of the imagination is no substitute for historical action), was able to suspend it on behalf of political and economic necessity. He accepted the necessity of power and industry, but always kept the pastoral ideal in view as a cherished and half-articulate alternative.

The ideal spread, however, without the check of Jefferson's countervailing qualifications, and became virtually an American theory of society. Moreover it became, Marx shows in "The Machine," an argument for "improvements," for clearing the wilderness, laying roads and rails, and eventually, founding a continental industrial empire. So far as the pastoral ideal stood for the mixture of "art" with nature, it actually gave support to technological change. In the American mind the machine was admitted into the garden as a means of more swiftly realizing the ideal. Before long, in the pre-Civil War period, many Americans came to ignore "that delicate point of equilibrium" between nature and art, and the pastoral ideal was itself encompassed by the ideology of progress.

Marx assembles an impressive array of evidence to show that two sets of values, one belonging to a rural way of life, the other to an industrial, were fused without any overt sense of contradiction. Dazzled by the new rhetoric of "technological sublime," many Americans (including Emerson and Whitman) displayed



Aerial view of the great march in Selma, Alabama in April

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what Karl Polyani has called a "mystic readiness" to accept the machine and disregard the social costs. Increasingly, the pastoral ideal lost its relevance as a social ideal and became a "rhetorical formula," a "sentimental guise" which "enabled the nation to continue defining its purpose as the pursuit of rural happiness while devoting itself to productivity, wealth, and power." Although Marx does not spell them out in detail, the political consequences of this passage are clear enough; they amount to what John Dewey called "our great abdication"—the surrender of political control to the instrumentalities of our technology "instead of seriously asking how we are to employ the means at our disposal so as to form an equitable and stable society." By blandly accommodating the machine to the garden, Americans lost the chance to project the usable values of pastoralism upon history. In service to industrialism the values become the "infantile wish-fulfillment dreams" of popular culture and much political rhetoric.

In the last section of the book Marx turns to literature "to discover the meaning inherent in the contradiction." "Two Kingdoms of Force" traces the recurrence in American works of a basic motif: a machine invading a garden. The invasion changes what was a totally engaging mood of peace and tranquillity into a more complex state of mind, a tension between dream and reality. The literary evidence for the pervasiveness of the motif is overwhelming, but Marx restricts himself to a study of several major uses by Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville and Mark Twain. He is nowhere more persuasive than in his deft, incisive exposition of this motif and his location of it at the center of works like *Walden*, *Moby Dick* and *Huck Finn*.

Marx does not argue that these works are "about" industrialization; nor is he concerned with the writer's "attitude" toward the new society. Instead he demonstrates that literary artists drew their images from their perception of what was occurring in society in order to enlarge the meanings of their fables. Needless to say this procedure is far different from the usual manner of social critics who seek to find mirror reflections of society in literature. Marx is an extremely sensitive reader of literary texts—of images, symbols and tone. It is impossible to paraphrase his line-by-line argument, but what results from his analyses is the inescapable impression that the deeper our writers plunged below the surface of our culture, the less able were they to invent satisfactory resolutions to their plots. Our classic authors responded to the rapid beginnings of industrialization through their profound attachment to the native American landscape as the source of pastoral values. The machine enters the landscape as a token of history. Unlike the easy fusion in popular culture, here the intrusion causes a dislocation of mind and feeling, and the "middle landscape" cannot cope with it. Hence the ambiguous and sometimes fraudulent endings of so many American pastoral fables: Thoreau lets us know that "Walden" is not a realizable society but a state of mind; Ishmael floats, miraculously, at the edge of disaster; Huck and Jim become unbelievable clowns.

Marx explains the failure in this way: "The resolutions of our pastoral fables are unsatisfactory because the old symbol of resolution is obsolete." Our writers, in short, were able to create a "powerful metaphor of contradiction" in response to contradictions within the general culture. But they were unable, in their imaginations, to resolve the conflict because society itself had not. "The machine's sudden entrance into the garden," Marx concludes, "presents a problem that ultimately belongs not to art but to politics."

This is an extremely persuasive argument, but it falls short, I think, of a complete explanation. Society, Marx is saying, was unable to reconcile garden and machine, or myth and history. It was unable to do so because its dominant image of reconciliation, the "middle landscape," was no longer relevant to industrial conditions. But there is another problem: the conception of history embodied in the image of the machine. For our writers this image is one of unrelieved doom and disaster: look what the steamboat did to Huck's raft, or Ahab, a mechanism-ridden character, to the *Pequod*. On the other hand, in the general culture, the machine was an image of happy promise, of mindless material bliss. Both meanings are historically inadequate. Both hypostatize one set of possibilities and treat them as the full reality. Both assume that history is an uncontrollable, an automatic process. Neither therefore is a genuine historical emblem. As an image, the machine is as static, as ahistorical as the garden itself.

The fact is that American literature has had no historical consciousness in the manner of Tolstoy or Balzac, and Marx contributes a great deal to our understanding of that fact. But it is, then, inaccurate for him to say that "complex pastoralism . . . acknowledges the reality of history." The sentence needs to be amended to say "a one-sided conception of the reality of history." Moreover, in his own method, Marx encounters a parallel difficulty. He too accepts, or at least uses, the machine as an adequate image of historical process. He tends to oversimplify what was occurring outside of consciousness, "out there" in society. For example, he accepts the rather broad generalization of W. W. Rostow regarding a "take-off" between 1840 and 1860, and lets it go at that. Thus "the controlling facts of life in nineteenth century America" come down to "rapid industrialization," which in turn amounts to little more than the visual transformation of "a rustic and in large part wild landscape" into "the site of the world's most productive industrial machine." But industrial capitalism had other effects beyond

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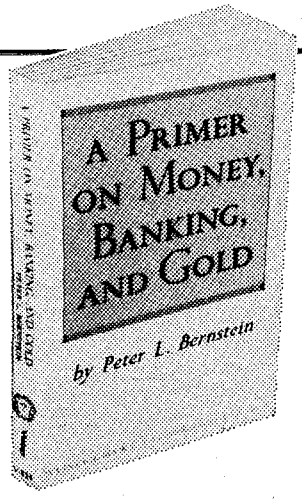

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its scars upon the landscape and its mechanization of values. It transformed an entire social structure, the relations among people. It led to a national market economy. It created a working class, "that class," as Thoreau puts it in *Walden*, "by whose labor the works which distinguish this generation are accomplished." Certainly these changes had their subliminal effects upon pastoral, if only by influencing the writer's conception of himself in relation to an audience.

What I am saying is that Marx's treatment of the dialectic within history is not as strong nor as convincing as his treatment of the contradictions within consciousness. But this is only to say that he does not exhaust all problems in this book. Marx has opened up a very troublesome area for investigation, and there are no ready-made solutions for the literary scholar who wishes to forge a "genuinely historical criticism." Moreover, the questions I raise indicate the wider reaches of meaning in the book. American culture today, more than ever, is dominated by antihistorical modes of thought and expression. Pop art, Beat writing, naked functional architecture — these are all, it is true, forms of protest against the puffery and false values of official culture. But they take their forms by dispensing altogether with articulated frames of meaning; they celebrate immediacy, spontaneity, the violent dissociation of the mind from the past, indeed from any future. They abstract the present as an autonomous moment of time. They are the equivalent, as Lewis Mumford told us long ago, to the violence in our politics and foreign policy.

One function of the cultural historian is to bring the network of ties between past and present, between mind and history, to complete consciousness. He contributes to the life of society in an essential way. The need for his special work was never more urgent than now, when the machine-in-the-garden fantasy is being acted out in dead earnest by our mechanized troops in the green jungles of Vietnam. In this book Leo Marx battles against a powerful and perhaps fatal current: the American tendency to deal with the modern world as if it does not exist. If the book has the effect it deserves, it will help restore a lively sense of history and of contemporary political realities to the study of literature and culture.

THEATRE

Julius Novick

FINDING SHAKESPEARE

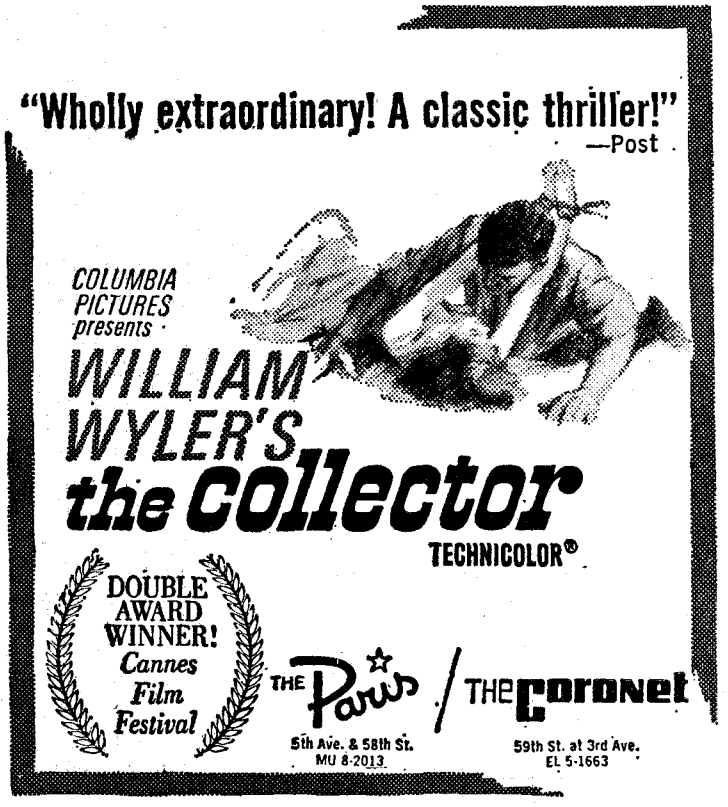
The American Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Conn., began—like the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—as a gesture toward High Culture on the part of the theatrical Establishment. The festival, however, was the product of the generation previous to that of the original Lincoln Center duumvirate; it was the child of the old age of Lawrence Langner, who, nearly forty years earlier, had been a founder of the Theatre Guild. We may conjecture that it owed its inception to a desire, conscious or unconscious, on Langner's part to atone for the increasing commercialism of the Theatre Guild's work on Broadway.

Again like the Lincoln Center Repertory, the Shakespeare Festival was not an immediate success. Its first season, ten years ago, was a universally acknowledged disaster, and things did not get much better very quickly. Stratford-upon-Housatonic became known for serving up what a folk philosopher of my acquaintance calls "Shakespeare with sour cream on the side": miscast movie stars, chic production gimmicks ("Wouldn't it be fun if . . ?") and irrelevant prettiness.

About four years ago, however, Joseph Verner Reed took over as executive producer of the festival, and brought in Allen Fletcher and Douglas Seale as artistic directors to get rid of the sour cream. Mr. Seale left before the beginning of the 1964 season, since when Mr. Fletcher has reigned alone under Mr. Reed. Under this new order, the festival has been engaged—for a change—in an honest attempt to give a fair account of Shakespeare's plays (assisted by a half-million-dollar grant from the Ford Foundation to set up a training program for the actors). There have been failures during this time, but they have at least been honorable failures: failures of skill only, not of will as well.

In four seasons at Stratford, Mr. Fletcher's directorial style has become recognizable. His stage, redesigned by Will Steven Armstrong, projects through the proscenium into the audience, in an attempt to gain some of the advantages of the open, neo-

Harold Clurman, who has been abroad since early spring, will shortly contribute articles on the theatre in Tokyo and London.



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Elizabethan stage. Mr. Fletcher's stagecraft is a compromise between proscenium and open-stage technique. He uses scenery (usually designed by Mr. Armstrong) but sparingly: one or two large, emblematic, mood-evoking pieces at the rear of the stage, backed in turn by a sky drop or black drapes. The main acting area is essentially a bare platform, and there is no curtain. It is a stage well adapted to the swift, fluid, uncluttered, no-nonsense work that Mr. Fletcher provides.

He is the most self-effacing of Shakespearean directors. His ideas for individual characters, individual scenes, are often original—and sometimes unfortunate — but it is usually hard to tell what he thinks about a play as a whole. He never seems tempted to sacrifice Shakespeare to his own virtuosity. His productions are almost never frivolous or perverse, but often they are uneven—varying widely in quality from moment to moment—and sometimes merely commonplace.

Two years ago, however, he directed for the festival an admirable production of *King Lear*, which raised hopes that have been largely justified this season. The training program has assured that even the smallest roles are nearly always played with professional competence. Leading actors who have been with the company for several years — Morris Carnovsky, Patrick Hines, Philip Bosco — are well cast and in good form; so are many of the new members and guest performers, notably Aline MacMahon and Ruby Dee. Mr. Fletcher has directed three out of the season's four productions, and his hand is surer than it has usually been. This is almost certainly the best season in Stratford's history.

As if to show that the festival now feels it has a past it can be proud of, Mr. Fletcher has revived his production of *King Lear*, and Morris Carnovsky has returned to play Lear once again. In the 1963 production, however, not only was Mr. Carnovsky magnificent but half a dozen of the supporting actors created faithful but fresh characterizations. Of these actors, only Patrick Hines remains in the cast, and his fat, benevolent, easy-mark Gloucester is at least as good as ever. The new actors are mostly satisfactory but stock. Goneril and Regan, for example, were played two years ago from their own points of view: they did not think themselves monsters, but ordinary, put-upon women, saddled with an old father who gave them a lot of trouble. The current evil daughters, however, are just that: Evil Daughters, as grim as Grimm, and almost interchangeable.

Even Morris Carnovsky's Lear seems somewhat diminished, although that may be merely the effect of my having seen it several times. It is not, at any rate, a reticent, off-hand, dry performance like Paul Scofield's; Mr. Carnovsky goes for the climaxes with everything he has, which is still a great deal. He has not yet solved the storm scene, and so there is only a plateau where the peak should be, but for the most part he is able to combine a consistent and detailed old-age characterization with a passionate strength of eloquence. His performance alone would justify this revival.

Mr. Fletcher's *Romeo and Juliet* could use some such justification; it is the weakest of this season's productions. And yet it is not bad, only uneven and uninspired. Will Steven Armstrong has provided another of his simple, handsome unit sets; such sets, however, serve better for large outdoor scenes than for intimate indoor ones, and of all Shakespeare's plays, *Romeo* is the one in which intimacy is most important.

Maria Tucci, the Juliet, seems always to be upon the point of tears. She plays the entire first half of her role on one note of tremulous ardor, with little playfulness and no exultation. This ardor of hers, moreover, is curiously un-physical; one might wish, for the sake of this interesting actress, that the play was about a girl who wanted to become a nun. On the other hand, Terence Scammell is an excellent Romeo: passionate, lyrical and boyish, with a beautiful tenor voice that he uses without self-indulgence. On the other hand again, John Cunningham's

Listen Galaxea

Galaxea
be kind to Galileo Galilei
who is thrust upon you
in the extremity of his need
grant him permission to poke around
he imagines he investigates
and I love him dearly dearly
he is almost blind
but who needs eyes
when they have you Galaxea
in whose embrace webs of eternity
rock gently to and fro
take this man Galaxea
to be your lawful wedded mite
and see that you nurture him
and provide for his sustenance
guarding him from the violence
of your real lovers the gods
in whose arms you burst
like a bubble of joy
ah Galaxea Galaxea
to think that it was your own little whim
to invent him this man
what was it?
that you couldn't look with your own eyes
at your armpit?
you couldn't see your own beautiful back
graceful as a beach
and you wanted someone to walk
its lovely loneliness a while?
a while only?
listen Galaxea
let me
let him caress you
let our lives fall upon your skin
like a prolongued caress
Galaxea Galaxea
this is a man
with a day's beard behind him talking
let him caress you
while someone awakens
the sleeping horses
Galaxea
I have used one of your days
to comb the beach
for the hymen of doors
it is dark now
I know that Galileo will stumble across
marvelous things in that same dark
which is the milk of Galaxea
Galaxea
if it is within your reach
protect him now that you've made him
pollen man
dandelion man is among you
he is little people
in the eyelash of oblivion
oh Galaxea
see to it that he lives
that he doesn't lapse into chair
that he doesn't sink into stone
that he doesn't faint into thin air
because Galaxea
Galaxea are you listening?
you have no one else smaller than you
to love you
and there is no one else
at the dark beach of your back
running like the wild surf with his lungs
and his now awakened horses

Alvaro Cardona-Hine

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nervously chuckling Mercutio tries too hard to be likable and funny. But then, Patrick Hines makes a benevolent, bewildered, charming old friar (first cousin to Mr. Hines's Gloucester, and why not?); Lillian Gish (yes, Lillian Gish) works cleverly and pleasantly to get around the fact that she lacks the broad-beamed earthiness of Juliet's nurse; and Richard Mathews is a good little-boy Tybalt.

Even this weakest of the four productions, then, is a respectable effort; in the next issue I shall write about two more that surpass it: a likable *Taming of the Shrew*, and an impressive *Coriolanus*.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

NEW MUSIC, BIG MONEY

The emergence of major foundation activity at the center of "advanced" musical life during the season just past is a development of the greatest moment for America's musical future which none of the New York journalists' seasonal wrap-ups has mentioned. Although this has not been principally a local phenomenon, its significance as a direct result of, as well as a potentially powerful influence on, the new-music performance activities that began here would seem to make it a matter of special interest and concern to members of the New York musical community. Attention should be the greater because, as in any unleashing of massive foundation resources upon an economically marginal profession, the destructive potential of the new situation is as unlimited as its potential for good.

Indeed, only someone who is aware of New York musical activity over the past few seasons is in a position to evaluate these new projects in the light of their backgrounds and origins. The major foundations have until recently taken the attitude that only music projects directly involving public performance are sufficiently "public" to warrant their participation. Such support as they have given in the domain of composition has reflected this preoccupation. Ford, for example, has never commissioned a composer directly; for its opera project, it permitted established companies to choose composers to write works for them, and in the Concert Soloists project individual performers designate the composers to be commissioned. The results, given the prevailing attitudes of opera companies and recitalists, have for the most part been predictably routine. And since no established performance activity was linked to "advanced" music, its complete neglect was guaranteed without even a deliberate policy decision.

But, as readers of this column know, the creation of such a link between "advanced" new music and performance has been one of the striking musical developments in recent years in New York. And not only has this link been unmistakably established but an administrative machinery has been thoroughly tested and validated within the universities, and the identification of certain halls with these activities has demonstrated a continuity of public support for "advanced" music. All of these are preconditions of paramount concern to foundation management.

The job has been done, moreover, outside the luxurious auspices of any large foundation project, and entirely by the efforts of a few dedicated composers who were determined to create a functioning musical environment on their own terms. In fact, the origin and execution of the new concepts and standards for contemporary music making has been accomplished almost exclusively by just two composer-directed series: Gunther Schuller's Twentieth Century Innovations at Carnegie Recital Hall, and the concerts of the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University, directed by Charles Wuorinen and Harvey Sollberger, at McMillin Theatre.

The excitement and attention which these two groups have generated by demonstrating the spectacular possibilities inherent in superior performances of contemporary music had predictable consequences. Series specializing in new music have proliferated to the saturation point in New York, most of them capitalizing on the enthusiasm evoked by the new virtuoso accuracy without attempting

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to reproduce it. Much more significantly, the principles established by the Schuller-Columbia activities were made the basis for an impressive series of quarter-million-dollar (more or less) grants by the Rockefeller Foundation to university music departments for composer-performer group-in-residence projects. These began with the Creative Associates at the University of Buffalo under Lukas Foss and Allen Sapp, and the New Music Ensemble at the University of Chicago directed by Ralph Shapey; more recently, the Committee for International Composers' Concerts has been established at Rutgers University under Arthur Weisberg. All of these ventures not only embrace the university orientation of the Columbia group but recruit players from among those involved in the Schuller and Columbia groups, and give concerts in Carnegie Recital Hall (last season the Buffalo group gave four, the Chicago group three; the Rutgers group is scheduled to give four next season). The Rockefellers' discovery of the central role now being played by universities in professional musical life also stimulated during the past season its "orchestra-in-residence" program, in which professional small-city orchestras were made available to university music departments for a period of weeks to play new scores chosen by the departments themselves.

For its recognition on such an "official" level of the developing university leadership and the importance of "advanced" American music, this Rockefeller activity is of great importance. And the scale on which it is being done—creating, in effect, entire new-music performance departments within existing music departments, establishing a self-contained new-music activity on a campus, as well as groups of players with fully rehearsed repertories available for tours to other universities, all under subsidy (thus eliminating most expenses for any prospective sponsor)—seems an almost fantastic super-realization of the implications of the Columbia and Schuller projects.

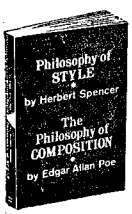
But such "total benevolence" is, of course, the foundation way; and its realizations sometimes tend to be disappointing by comparison with the structure prepared for them. The first results of the Buffalo and Chicago projects that were displayed in their Carnegie Hall concerts last season were inconclusive. The performances were generally competent, if hardly spectacular (except in the case of Easley Blackwood's extraordinary piano recital in the Chicago series), and the programs were either duplicative (Chicago) or diffuse (Buffalo). Still, such a judgment hardly seems fair, because of the invidious comparison it implies with the polished, well-established New York groups. And the primary value of such campus groups is their ability to offer their communities, at a high professional level, a range of musical experience that has been totally inaccessible and even largely unsuspected. Given the manifest sophistication of their current directors, they seem admirably equipped to make this contribution.

However, other serious questions seem quite generally to have been overlooked in the formulation of these projects. Of these, the most troubling involve the possible effects of such subsidized projects on nonsubsidized activities of the same nature, especially those already in existence. Thus the Rutgers project seems, in many ways, the grandest of all, especially in the quality of its personnel, its strategic location in the New York area and the enormous scope of its planned activities. But its players are, for the most part, to be drawn from the same pool on which the Columbia and Schuller series depend—and which, in fact, they developed. When one considers the superior financial capacities of the subsidized Rutgers project (which also offers performers faculty rank), as well as the extensive schedules it proposes (about twenty-five concerts per season), it is difficult to see how the older series can hope to continue on the minimum-scale basis which they must maintain in order to survive. Moreover, having virtually created the cachet of Carnegie Recital Hall as a center for contemporary music, Schuller must now share the premises with three other groups of quite similar appearance, all operating under the same auspices. On an equal footing, such competition would be welcome; but the expenses of all the visiting groups are guaranteed, while Schuller must continue to convince his sponsors that it is important to continue raising the money he needs for every rehearsal and piece of equipment.

Moreover, groups like Schuller's and Columbia's must be able to offer their players the incentive of repeat performances if the tremendous effort of preparation is to seem worth while. But again, when subsidized touring groups whose members are on yearly salary offer similar programs at considerably lower costs, the demonstrated professional superiority and commitment of the Schuller and Columbia groups are hardly likely to tip the competitive scale.

Surely the Rockefeller Foundation does not really fancy an image of itself as the sponsor of huge new-music supermarkets devoted to underselling dedicated, high-quality individual enterprises into bankruptcy.

Why, then, did it decide to project a totally new activity onto the New York scene when the two groups responsible for the development, now functioning at the peak of their professional vitality, had never received significant foundation support, and depended for survival on their own desperate fund-raising efforts? The Rutgers project deserved support and sponsorship, but it should have been given them *after* the remarkable contribution of two groups that are motivated only by professional responsibility and concern had been adequately recognized, and their continuation assured.



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